

## 1985 Transcontinental & East Coast Bicycle Trip

*By Steve Malone  
23 May 1985 to 2 Sep 1985;  
Renton, Washington to  
Saint Petersburg, Florida;  
10,425 miles.*

This photo album was compiled in the late 1980s as part of an effort to commemorate an important event in my life: a solo 17,550 mile bicycle tour across North America, down the east coast of the US and throughout Western Europe.

This is the album for the first half of the trip, which documents some of the events on my journey across the United States and Canada, the people I met and visited, and some of the sights that I saw along the way.

This PDF version was created in January 2015 as Alea (my wife) and I prepared to downsize our lives and ready ourselves for an early retirement at age 59. We no longer wished to be tied down to the approximately six inch thick pile of scrapbooks that I had created to document this particular life changing cycling adventure.

We are hoping for a more active life while our health allows, so we've

chosen to pare down our belongings closer to the bare essentials that defined our college days and our time spent bicycle touring. Our aim is to enjoy a simple, active and low stress life now, so that we'll have no regrets, if at some point in the future our circumstances change to the point where we are no longer able to do some of the things that we currently dream of doing.

I've resisted the temptation to expand upon the original photo album with some anecdotes of notable events – the stories that I often relate about particular aspects of my journey. While they would add a lot to this album, our available time doesn't now allow for such a digression. In addition to these photo albums, I also maintained a seven volume journal of my travels. Hopefully I'll find the time to scan those, so that a more complete picture of my adventure can be had.

In the hope that someone with whom I've crossed paths in the past may some day happen upon a copy of this album, the following is a list of people in the order that they appear in the album. There are others who also impacted my life on this trip, but unfortunately I

didn't manage to preserve their memory in a photograph:

1. Rob Malone
2. Erin Malone
3. Barry Wood
4. Melva Withers
5. Rose Thuney
6. Kathy Hackett
7. Ron Sexton
8. Mike Burke
9. Eric Normand
10. Kevin Pennock
11. Sylvie Grondin
12. Leah Overman<sup>1</sup>
13. Gladys Tinsley
14. Ken Tinsley
15. Jim Busse
16. Travis Hodgdon
17. Dennis Cunningham
18. Aaron Cunningham
19. Kathy Selke
20. Scott Selke
21. Lisa Selke
22. Narvel Thurl Selke
23. Shawn Hanley
24. Bill Marquardt
25. Delores Stiles

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<sup>1</sup> I met Leah Overman in 1984 while cycling from Tacoma, WA to San Diego, CA. Several sketches from our correspondence can be found sprinkled throughout this album.

26. Oletha Marquardt  
27. Ethel Amos  
28. William Carl Adams  
29. Dorothy Adams  
30. Allen Marquardt  
31. Mike Karch  
32. Sam Bell  
33. Pat Waltman  
34. Donny Waltman  
35. Joyce Waltman  
36. Kevin Hoffman  
37. Mike Wiggins

38. Donna Elliott  
39. June Anzai  
40. Eiji Anzai  
41. M. Ulysse Grondin  
42. Rose-Marie Grondin  
43. Doug Sensenig  
44. Jenny Bell  
45. Casey Hodgdon  
46. Trish Hodgdon  
47. Julia Hodgdon  
48. Thelma Vogel  
49. Fred Vogel

50. Betty Schurr  
51. Bob Schurr  
52. Maureen Maart  
53. Gayle Rainbow  
54. Gomer Pyles  
55. Stan Thompson  
56. Delores Thompson  
57. Tadakazu Izumi  
58. Eva Pearl Malone  
59. Alea Sando

“Regret for things we did can be tempered by time;  
it is regret for the things that we did not do  
that is inconsolable.”

▪ **SIDNEY SMITH**





VARIOUS SHOTS OF ROB & ERIN  
TAKEN DURING MY OVER-  
NIGHT "SHAKEDOWN CRUISE"  
AT KOPACHUCK STATE PARK.







UPPER LEFT: BARRY WOOD,  
ME, MELVA WITHERS, & ROSE  
THUNEY. LOWER LEFT: ME,  
BARRY, KATHY HACKETT, MELVA.  
ABOVE: ME.





(L to R, T to B) MY FIRST NIGHT, SPENT AT RON SEX-  
TON'S HOUSE; MIKE BURKE, THE FIRST OF HIS FOUR  
FLAT TIRES THIS DAY; SEATTLE SKYLINE TAKEN  
FROM THE FERRY TO BAINBRIDGE IS. - SITE OF TWO  
OF MIKE'S FLAT TIRES; SPENCER'S SPIT STATE PARK;  
SAME; B.C. PARLIAMENT BUILDING, VICTORIA; RUBY  
BEACH.













(L to R, T to B) ERIC NORMAND AT RUBY BEACH; ERIC WASHING CLOTHES IN TRASH CAN LID AT KALALOOK STATE PARK; LOGGING TRUCK IN FRONT OF CAMPGROUND NEAR HUMPTULIPS; LAKE QUINAUT; ERIC SETTING UP AT FIRST "FREE CAMPING" SITE; BUNKHOUSE AT FENTON'S FRUIT STAND - A FREE CAMP-SITE FOR HIKERS; BIKERS; ASTORIA, OR.











(L to R, T to B) MYSELF ; ERIC AT FENTON'S ;  
TUNNEL NEAR SEASIDE WITH SPECIAL WARNING  
LIGHTS FOR BICYCLISTS ; VIEW NEAR SEASIDE ;  
ANDY ; STEVE AT YACHTS ; HACETA HEAD ; COVE  
NEAR NEWPORT ; NEWPORT BRIDGE .







(L TO R, T TO B) COASTLINE NEAR  
NEWPORT, KOOSAH FALLS, LAVA BED NEAR  
SANTIAM PASS, VIEW NEAR SISTERS,  
SMITH ROCKS, SMITH ROCKS AGAIN, RIM-  
ROCK CANYON NEAR TERREBONNE,



SPRINGFIELD, OR  
HOSTEL STAMP →









THIS PAGE: HELPING A FARMER RE-  
LEASE A BADGER FROM A TRAP NEAR  
TERREBONNE. BOTTOM PAGE (LtoR, Tto  
B): SHEEP ROCK; KEVIN PENNOCK NEAR  
IDAHO BORDER; VIEW NEAR DIXIE PASS.















(L to R, T to B) KEVIN  
PENNOCK, SYLVIE GRANDIN,  
ME - BANNER SUMMIT,  
ID; STANLEY BASIN, ID -  
THREE VIEWS; SYLVIE &  
KEVIN - N. SIDE OF GALENA  
SUMMIT; MYSELF, SYLVIE,  
& KEVIN - S. SIDE OF  
GALENA SUMMIT.

TAKEN FROM LETTER BY  
LEAH OVERMAN











(L to R, T to B) VIEW BELOW GAL-  
ENA SUMMIT; KEVIN & SYLVIE AT  
GRUMPY'S IN KETCHUM; SNAKE R.  
CANYON NEAR TWIN FALLS; SAME;  
GLADYS TINSLEY; KEN TINSLEY; BUSY  
ROAD NEAR RAFT RIVER.







(L to R, T to B) AT THE BASE OF TE-  
TON PASS; TETONS - JACKSON LAKE;  
JIM BUSSE NEAR SIGNAL MTN.; LEW-  
IS CANYON; ME NEAR LEWIS LAKE;  
ELK - SOUTH YELLOWSTONE.









(L to R, T to B): Lewis River; Travis Hodgdon; myself and Ken (from Austin, Tx) crossing continental divide; unknown tandemers - the only ones I met going cross country; falls just south of geyser basins; Travis and my faithful steed - crossing the Divide yet again; Ken and his friend, Gary, hanging our food away from possible bears.













Various geysers and hot springs at lower  
geyser basin, Yellowstone; (Bottom left)  
Morning Glory Hole.







(Clockwise from left): Travis' and my bike;  
terraced hot spring; bison; Mud Mountain;  
Minerva Terrace, Mammoth hot Springs; Travis  
near Mammoth Hot Springs; Roaring Mountain.









(L to R, T to B) MINERVA  
TERRACE; BROWN BEAR NEAR  
MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS; TRAVIS  
ASCENDING DUNRAVEN PASS;  
TRAVIS & ME - DUNRAVEN PASS,  
JUNE 25TH, 1985.

↑ TAKEN FROM LETTER BY LEAH OVERMAN











(Clockwise from left): Travis gulping a beer after we part company; Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone; falls - Yellowstone Canyon; across the Divide one more time; Hoback Canyon; meadow and Teton Range; my RV and mobile home after a snowy night on June 25, 1985.









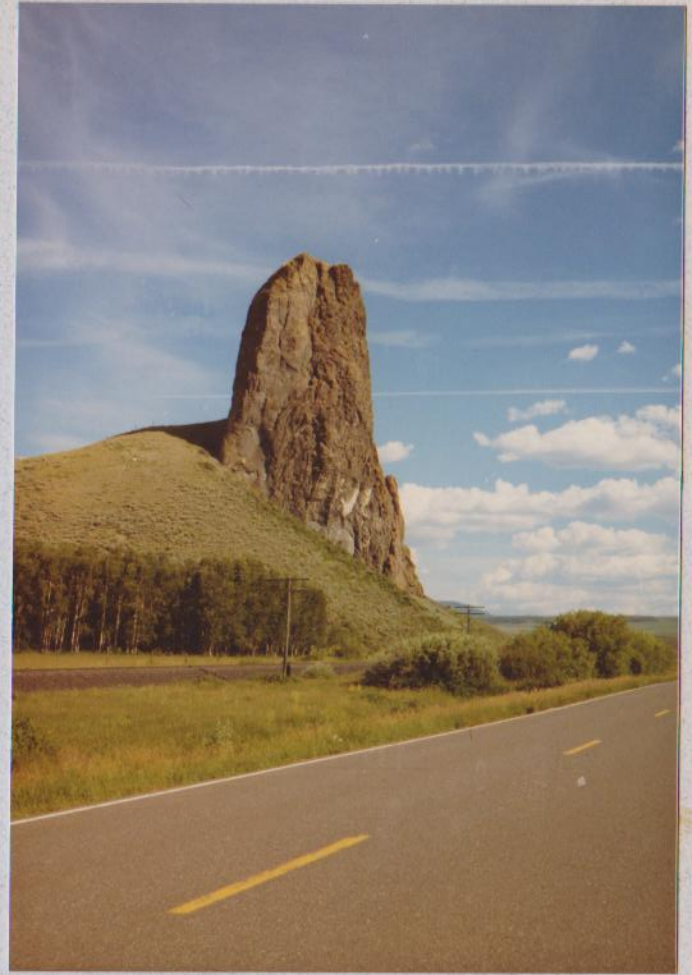




(L to R, T to B): View near Hoback Canyon; campsite near Flaming Gorge; Flaming Gorge Reservoir; long descent to Vernal, UT - sign says "MORE 8% GRADES / 9 SWITCHBACKS" and was followed by a new sign at each curve telling how many switchbacks were left; "3 MORE"; Dennis Cunningham; Aaron Cunningham (the Cunningham's were the only father and son I met who were 'cycling cross country).











(L to R, T to B): View between ranges of the rockies; unnamed monolith; Highest Point of trip - Hoosier Pass, 11,542 feet!; Shawn Hanley and Lisa Selke in Colorado Springs; Lisa after an attack of hives; Lisa and I.











(L to R, T to B): View between ranges of the rockies; unnamed monolith; Highest Point of trip - Hoosier Pass, 11,542 feet!; Shawn Hanley and Lisa Selke in Colorado Springs; Lisa after an attack of hives; Lisa and I.







(L to R, T to B): Kathy, Scott, and Lisa Selke; Kathy, Lisa, and Bud; unknown horseman, riding from Cassaday, KS to Salmon, ID. Everything he was caring was handmade from animal skins, wood, or made from recycled goods; roadside water fountain - open to public, but cattle had priority; Kansas - boring, but lots of friendly folks; Longton, KS - mom's birthplace; Uncle Bill, Dolores, and Aunt Oletha on the porch in Parsons.







Grandma Amos, William Carl, and Dorothy;  
Allen; too far south - Oklahoma - I should  
have traded my bike for a "bubba truck"  
(four wheel drive), but at least I wasn't  
there long.





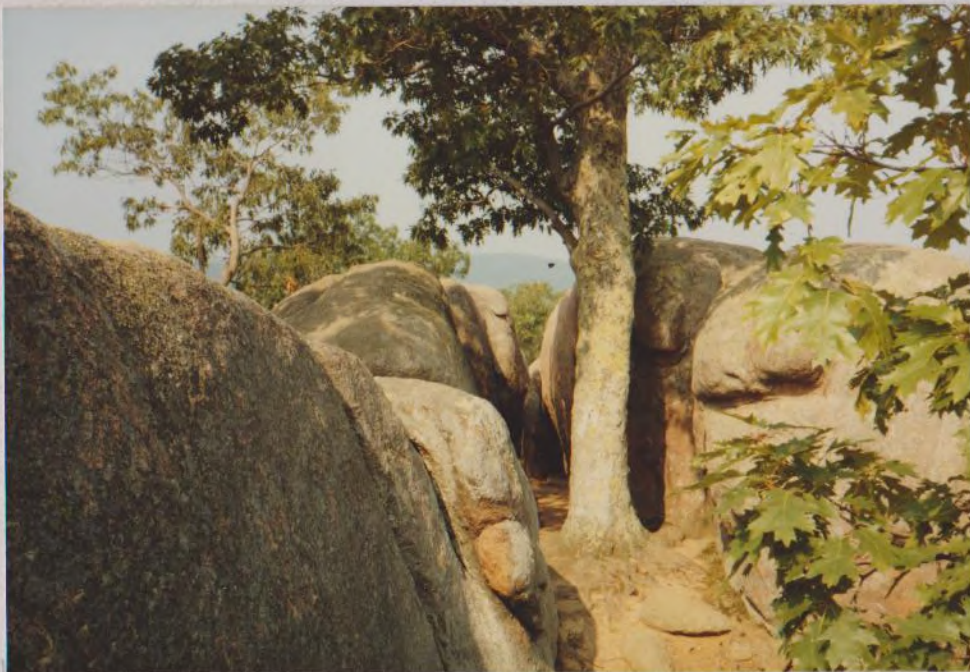
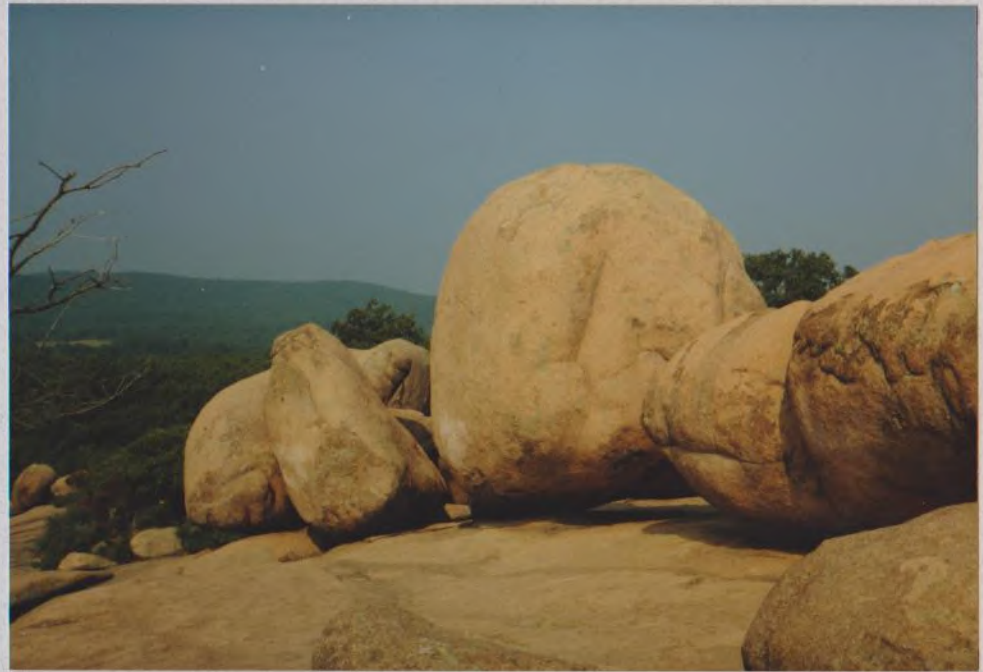
(L to R, T to B) VIEW NEAR TABLE  
 ROCK LAKE, MO; MIKE KARCH AT CAMP-  
 GROUND NEAR BRANSON; MIKE AT  
 LAKE OF THE OZARKS CAMPGROUND.  
 MIKE DROVE ALL THE WAY FROM MINN-  
 EAPOLIS TO SPEND A WEEKEND IN  
 THE OZARKS WITH ME.







OPP. PAGE: VARIOUS VIEWS AT JOHNSON'S  
SHUT-IN'S STATE PARK, MO: SAM BELL  
AT CAMPSITE; ME; THE SHUT-IN'S; WILD-  
FLOWERS. THIS PAGE: VIEWS OF ELEPHANT  
ROCKS STATE PARK.







# Belleville News-Democrat

y 29, 1985

Serving the metro-east area

Newsstand p



Steve Malone with his aunt, Pat Waltman

News-Democrat/Brad Kellerman

## A freewheeler visits Belleville

By VICKI HARP  
News-Democrat

BELLEVILLE — Steve Malone, 29, rode his bicycle through Belleville to see his aunt this weekend.

He started 9½ weeks ago in Renton, Washington.

Malone, who is touring the United States and Canada by bicycle, expects to have pedaled to Nova Scotia by mid-September.

But the bachelor hopes to keep on riding for a while.

"I've saved enough to cycle for the next three years," said Malone, who left his job as supervisor of the medical warehouse in a Tacoma, Wash., hospital to ride his bicycle full time.

He spent the weekend at the Belleville home of his aunt, Pat Waltman, resting and reminiscing.

"I helped a guy get a badger out of a trap in Terrebonne, Ore.," Malone said. "He was just standing on the side of the road looking like Paul Newman or the Marlboro Man or something. He asked me if I could help him and said: 'Have I got a real-life adventure for you.'"

Malone also has ridden through snow — a strange experience in the middle of summer.

"I cycled through a little snow in Yellowstone, and it got a little chilly on the way down," he said.

## Cyclist—

Continued from 1A

Malone said his training regimen is not as difficult as some people think.

"Basically, you've just got to ride a lot," he said. "You kind of train as you go along. It's a gradual process, and you do it almost from scratch."

But nothing — not even cycling across the Continental Divide in the Rockies — prepared him for Ozark foothills.

"The hills in Missouri are worse than any mountains I've crossed," he said. "It's just there's so many of them."

But his trip is just begun, and there are many hills yet to climb.

"There are a lot of places in the world I want to see, a lot I want to see again, and some things I haven't stumbled across yet."

Malone will be back on the road, headed east, this morning.

See CYCLIST/3A





OPP. PAGE: THE ONLY NEWSPAPER ARTICLE  
OF THE JOURNEY, BUT AT LEAST I MADE  
THE FRONT PAGE! THIS PAGE: MISSISSIPPI  
RIVER; DONNY, JOYCE, PAT, & PATTY; HAVING  
MY PICTURE TAKEN FOR THE NEWSPAPER.







(L to R, T to B) KEVIN HOFFMAN AT HOME  
IN PARADISE, IN; LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD HOME  
NAT'L MEMORIAL; SAME; CLIFTY FALLS;  
SEMINARY AT ST. MEINRAD; MY SHADOW  
AMID TYPICAL INDIANA SCENERY.













(L to R, T to B) TWO VIEWS OF WHITEWATER  
CANAL, IN: AQUEDUCT & LOCK; UNCLE MIKE  
(WIGGINS) AT HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, OH; THE  
PARK IN SANDUSKY, OH ON MY BIRTHDAY;  
HEADING FOR CANADA; FERRY STOPPED ON  
PELEE ISLAND IN LAKE ERIE.











(L to R, T to B) TWO VIEWS OF SUNRISE  
OVER LAKE ERIE; FARM NEAR PARIS, ONT.;  
COBBLESTONE CHURCH NEAR PARIS - I FREE  
CAMPED IN BACK; TWO VIEWS OF HYDRAUL-  
IC LIFT LOCK IN PETERBOROUGH, ONT.;  
DONNA LEAVING FOR WORK ON THE KAWAR-  
THA LAKES.









(L to R, T to B): Donna Elliott's father's island in the Kawartha Lakes; ditto; "The Cottage"; the dock; Viamede Marina; a church on it's own island; Donna returning me to the mainland on my last day.











(L to R, T to B): Donna; lock on Trent-Severn canal; Murray canal; ferry buildings near Picton; blockhouse on Rideau canal - used to defend Canada from invasion by U.S. during the 1800's; lock on Rideau canal.









(L to R, T to B): Grist mill in Delta; oldest stone bridge in Canada - at Lyndhurst; another blockhouse, this one at Merrickville; a cantilever bridge on the Rideau canal; June Anzai; Eiji Anzai painting his pick-up.





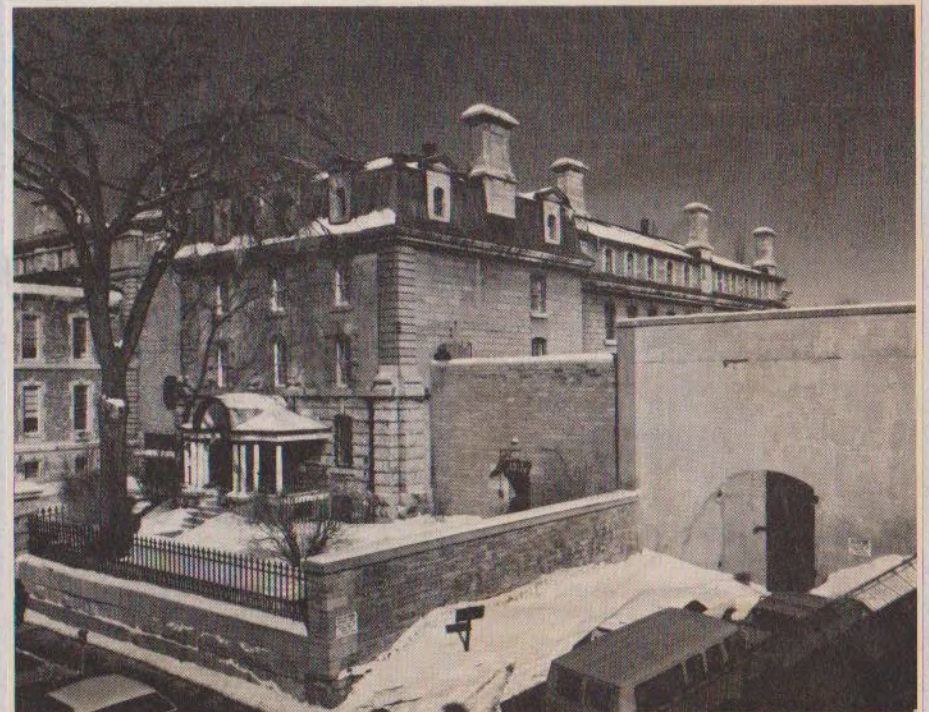
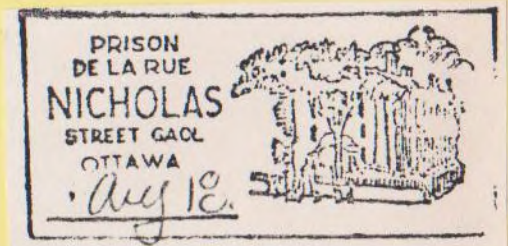




(L to R, T to B) VIEW OF OTTAWA ABOVE RIDEAU CANAL,  
PARLIAMENT, CHANGING OF THE GUARD, BYTOWN LOCKS, MY  
'CELL' AT NICHOLAS STREET GAOL (JAIL) HOSTEL



OTTAWA  
HOSTEL STAMP →



Pictured above, the Nicholas Goal International Hostel in 1974, a year after it opened. Just blocks away is a 200-store indoor shopping area and an outdoor food market





(L to R, T to B): Wakefield grist mill;  
Donna pausing during hike in Gatineau Park;  
newspaper article of Sylvie Grondin's trip  
across country - her uncle owns the town  
paper.



- 1955 - 1985 -

# LA GATINEAU

## 30 ANS

avec les  
GENS D'ICI

30e année, No. 30 Maniwaki, Québec Mercredi le 7 août 1985

40¢

**SYLVIE GRONDIN**

# 4,680 MILLES À VÉLO



**CHEFFERIE DU PQ**

**PIERRE-MARC**



# VELO



**Page A-9**

**CHEFFERIE DU PQ**

**PIERRE-MARC  
JOHNSON  
À MANIWAKI**

**Page A-7**

**A NORTHFIELD**

**LE CONSEILLER  
DÉSORMEAUX  
SE VIDE  
LE COEUR**

**Page A-14**



SYLVIE GRONDIN À MANIWAKI

# Tout un défi : 4 680 milles à vélo

**MANIWAKI**- Dans la vie, il y a ceux qui rêvent de relever un défi, de réaliser un exploit hors du commun, et il y a ceux qui le font. Sylvie Grondin de Maniwaki a pour sa part choisi d'être de ceux qui font les exploits, en parcourant sur deux roues un périple de 4 680 milles.

Sylvie Grondin, fille de M. Ulysse et Mme Rose-Marie Grondin de Maniwaki, avait choisi pour apprendre l'anglais de se rendre à Vancouver et d'y séjourner le temps d'une bonne immersion en milieu anglophone. C'est en s'y rendant que l'idée de revenir à vélo a germé dans sa tête.

"Je voulais voir les États-Unis et j'ai décidé de prendre l'été au complet pour revenir, raconte Sylvie, j'ai eu ce projet-là dans la tête durant tout l'hiver". Partie le 7 mai dernier de Vancouver en compagnie d'un ami qu'elle avait rencontré là-bas, ils ont descendu en

aux jambes. "Monter une pente d'une inclinaison de 10 degrés sur 10 milles de long, c'est un défi mais je l'ai fait". Dans les Rocheuses, les cyclistes ne pouvaient guère parcourir plus de 50 milles par jour, mais dans les plaines des États-Unis, cette moyenne s'élevait à 80 et même 85 milles par jour.

C'est l'Orégon qu'elle aura préféré pour la splendeur de ses paysages, mais aussi pour le caractère hospitalier des gens. Durant les trois mois qu'a duré le périple, Sylvie n'a couché dans un lit qu'à trois ou quatre reprises. Le

reste du temps, c'est sous la tente qu'elle a dormi.

Elle n'aura eu à déplorer que quatre crevaisons, toutes les quatre dans les premiers milles de son voyage, et son vélo a bien tenu le coup jusqu'à Maniwaki.

Vendredi dernier, ses parents et ses grands-parents étaient venus l'escorter comme une championne dans les derniers milles qui la séparaient de Maniwaki, le dernier point d'arrêt de son voyage.

Questionnée à savoir si elle referait un tel voyage après avoir goûté cette expérience, Sylvie répond oui. Mais elle envisage autre chose, l'Europe à vélo peut-être; cependant ce ne sont là que des défis qu'on rêve de réaliser un jour...



(L to R, T to B): End of Sylvie's article; Charles and myself near Low; Lauretide Mountains; same; rainstorm in Montreal.





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C'est le 4 859e mille qui est le plus long. Les parents de Sylvie étaient venus l'escorter.

milieu américain en longeant la côte du Pacifique, pour ensuite faire route vers l'est et finalement remonter au Canada en Ontario. Là, les deux compagnons se sont séparés pour poursuivre chacun de son côté sa route.

"Je n'ai pas suivi d'entraînement avant de partir, et c'était même la première fois que je partais pour une longue distance à vélo. Le plus loin que j'ai fait, c'était une promenade d'environ 45 milles durant une fin de semaine" explique Sylvie.

#### Les Rocheuses

Ce sont probablement les montagnes Rocheuses qui laisseront à Sylvie le souvenir le plus tangible de ce voyage, et des crampes

## NOUS SOMMES MAINTENANT

MANUFACTURIERS  
de

# MACARONS

DE TOUS GENRES

PASSEZ NOUS VOIR  
ET PROFITEZ DE NOS

## BAS PRIX

**Imprimerie Maniwaki**

153 Laurier, Maniwaki

449-1122

(L to R, T to B): End of Sylvie's article; Charles and myself near Low; Laurentide Mountains; same; rainstorm in Montreal.









(L to R, T to B): Expo '67 exhibition hall,  
site of Ramses II exhibit; La Vieux Fort,  
Montreal; Montreal skyline from across St.  
Lawrence Seaway; St. Lawrence; St. Louis  
gate, Quebec; Chateau Frontenac, Quebec; St.  
Lawrence.















(L to R, T to B): View near Baie St. Paul; Christian and myself, somewhere in Charlevoix region; old forge at Les Eboulements; Saguenay Fjord; Tadoussac; fishing boats at low tide; stream near Baie Comeau.









(L to R, T to B): Shallow bay, north shore of St. Lawrence; ferry to Matane; view along St. Lawrence; lighthouse near Riviere La Madeleine; same, from atop long ascent; campsite near Grand Etang.







(L to R, T to B): Seaside village near  
Forillon Park; view of unknown bay; trail up  
Mt. St. Albans.  
Below: various views of Forillon Cliffs  
from Mt. St. Albans.











(L to R, T to B): Meadow, Mt. St. Albans, artillery at Gaspe Bay, where allied fleet was kept during WW II; myself, posing with sculpture at Kouchibouguac National Park in New Brunswick. Below: various views of Kouchibouguac Park - bog with three hundred year old trees; Kouchibouguac River; beach.













Various views of The Rocks at Hopewell Cape, N.B.. They are located on the north side of the Bay of Fundy where the tide can change by as much as 40 feet, leaving only the trees on top of the rocks showing. Bottom right: view of dike built by first settlers, the Acadians, used to keep Bay of Fundy tides from flooding their farmland.





Various views taken during fourteen mile  
hike through Fundy National Park.











Prince Edward Island coastline, P.E.I.  
campsite; same.







Above: Northern coastline of Nova Scotia. Above right: Cheticamp River. Right: Near entrance to Cape Breton Highlands National Park.







This Page: Various views of Cape Breton Park.  
Below (L to R, T to B): A replica of a shieling, a hut used by Scottish sheperds while tending their sheep near there summer pastures (Cape Breton was originally settled by Scots who tried to make a go of it in this way and was later deeded back to the Canadian government); a shelter intended for cross country skiers in the winter that I used after a moose came a bit too close to the place where I had pitched my tent - at the time I didn't know if the moose was any real threat, but I later came to discover that early fall is rutting season and they can get nasty if you encroach on their territory; south coast of Cape Breton; bay near Ecum Secum.

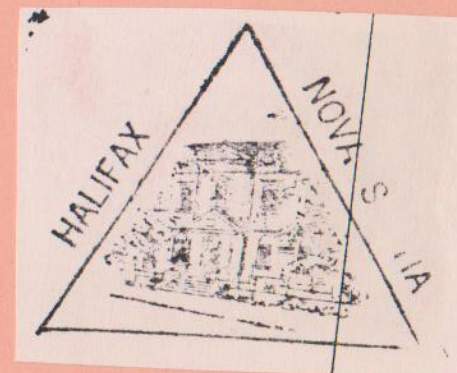








(L to R, T to B) SUNSET  
OVER HALIFAX HARBOR,  
HALIFAX SKYLINE, HALIFAX  
HARBOR PASSENGER FERRY,  
EXHIBIT AT HALIFAX MARI-  
TIME MUSEUM, HALIFAX  
CITADEL.



HALIFAX, N.S. HOSTEL STAMP



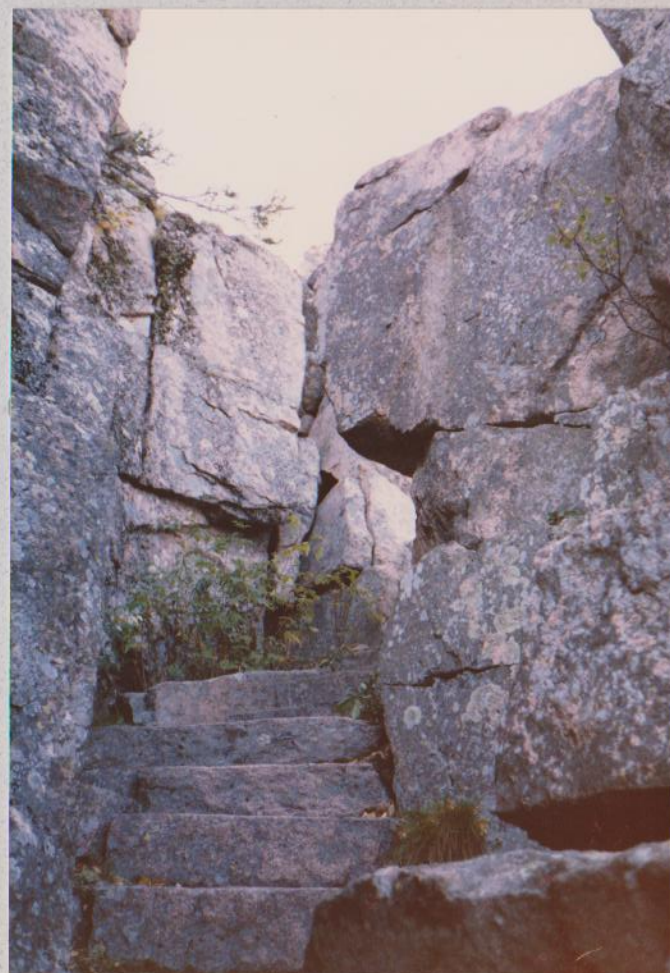








(L to R, T to B): Beginning of fall colors at lake south of Halifax; Prince of Wales martello tower overlooking St. John, N.B.; fishing village in Nova Scotia; quarried steps on trail to Cadillac Mountain in Acadia Nat'l Park; Maine blueberry fields.





(L to R, T to B) VIEW FROM CADILLAC MTN. - ACADIA  
NAT'L PARK; RAY DRIES, ACADIA; SHORELINE, ACADIA;  
JED PROUTY TAVERN; INW-BUCKSPORT, ME; DOUG SEN-  
SENIG, JENNY BELL; ME, PORTLAND, ME; DOUG; JENNY-  
PORTLAND, ME; VIEW NEAR N. CONWAY, N.H.



TAKEN FROM LETTER FROM LEAH OVERMAN











**ONE MORE MILE, TRAVIS!**—Travis Hodgdon of Gorham poses with the sign his family had posted just outside Gorham as he pedalled the last mile of his 3,000 mile cross-country bicycle

trek. Trav's friend Wayne Boisselle rode the last 20 miles with him, from Storyland, where Wayne now works and also Travis's workplace for many summers. (Reporter Photo by Lala Dinsmore)

This page: Newspaper article of Travis Hodgdon's trip.

Below: Casey, Trish, and Julia Hodgdon in front of their house in Gorham, N.H.; The Old Man of the Mountain near Franconia Notch; Vermont countryside; unusual New England sign.

## Travis Hodgdon returns from 3,722 mile long cross-country bicycle trip

GORHAM—Travis Hodgdon is happy to be back from his epic cross country bicycle trip, but he's also replete with memories of a once in a lifetime adventure.

Travis, 22, the son of Julia and Casey Hodgdon of Mill Street, Gorham, and a 1982 graduate of Gorham High School, returned last week from his trip that began in Portland, Oregon on Tuesday, June 4. He pedalled his 18-speed Shogun 3,722 miles, an average of 75 miles per day. He admits he was really surprised that the trip took just exactly the amount of time he had planned on. He said he absolutely had to be back on the east coast by August 23, the day he leaves for enlistment in the U.S. Navy. He is pleased to have three weeks at home to relax with his parents, his sister, Trish and his friends before his next adventure, he says.

"I figured if I could average 75 miles a day, this would work out to 50 days. And it did," says Mr. Hodgdon.

He sometimes was able to log more than 100 miles in a day, and other times less than 50. But the average was what counted. He doesn't have an odometer on his bike and just pedalled as much as he felt like each day.

A few years ago he had begun thinking about wanting to do something really big...something I could look back on and say-I did that," Mr. Hodgdon says.

He began planning the adventure in 1984. This involved equipment buying and a bike trip from Florida to Pennsylvania. This trip ended with an unfortunate accident in which he ran into the back end of a parked truck. He wasn't hurt, but his bike was, and in an understatement, he admitted he was a little shook up.

"It proved to me that when biking

said the traffic at times was horrendous, especially people in large recreational vehicles.

"Seeing Yellowstone on a bike was great," he says. "But the narrow twisting roads with all that traffic made it pretty rough going."

The traveler felt fine all during his trip, and the only bike problem he had was in Idaho when he and a few other bikers were "drafting" each other. This means closely following in a line in order to be able to buffet the wind and make better time. The person in front of him stopped suddenly, and when he stopped, he was "rear-ended" by the person behind him, causing extensive damage to the spokes in his rear wheel. He was able to have it adjusted at the nearest bike shop, and 1500 miles later in Yankton, South Dakota, he had his rear wheel rebuilt. Other trials and tribulations were minor, even the searing heat in eastern Wyoming. People were surprised when he told them he stayed cooler on his bike than when he stopped pedalling. The dry heat of the area, though at 110 degrees, didn't bother him.

A lot of people thought he would have trouble finding the best routes to travel, but he found the Triple-A maps he had were easy to follow. He admitted thought that one "survives by asking," and he found people to be "100 percent helpful" and interested in his trip. Mr. Hodgdon says he worked hard at biking to get in shape for his Florida to Pennsylvania trip. For this trip he didn't, but it didn't seem to matter, because the first few days are always hard. He couldn't pedal continuously and his hands got numb, but by the time he had been on the road for a week or so he was pedalling all day and in the swing of his routine.

He especially enjoyed meeting



A few years ago he had begun thinking about wanting to do something really big...something I could look back on and say-I did that," Mr. Hodgdon says.

He began planning the adventure in 1984. This involved equipment buying and a bike trip from Florida to Pennsylvania. This trip ended with an unfortunate accident in which he ran into the back end of a parked truck. He wasn't hurt, but his bike was, and in an understatement, he admitted he was a little shook up.

"It proved to me that when biking you have to be on the look-out every minute," he says. "Your balance is very important, too, and even if you shift your head suddenly to look at something, it could cause a problem."

When taking his cross country trip, the cyclist discovered he was having space problems. He was limited to carrying in each of his rear panniers or saddle bags, about 14 pounds, and his front ones totaled about 11 pounds each. Including his bike, the total weight he carried along was about 85 pounds. Since during the western part of the trip he had to carry along enough food at a time to last for two days, he sent home some extra clothing and gear, in order to make more room.

"I went through a lot of food," Mr. Hodgdon says. "It seems like I was constantly munching," he adds.

He cooked hot food when camping in the Rockies since it was cold at night, but for most of the rest of the trip he says he ate a lot of fruit and vegetables, and drank a lot of liquids.

Luckily during the first part of his trip, he had company. Usually there were three or four other bikers with him but not all the same ones, and by the time he got to South Dakota, all of his new friends had veered off on their own trips, he says.

One of the most difficult sections of his journey was an 18 mile stretch 'straight up' in the Big Horn Mountain area. The toughest climb in his whole trip was a four hour push to reach an altitude of 5100 feet. He commented on the beauty and grandeur of all the mountain terrain he went through. The Yellowstone Park area was another challenge. He purposely took four days to go through the park, and

admitted thought that one "survives by asking," and he found people to be "100 percent helpful" and interested in his trip. Mr. Hodgdon says he worked hard at biking to get in shape for his Florida to Pennsylvania trip. For this trip he didn't, but it didn't seem to matter, because the first few days are always hard. He couldn't pedal continuously and his hands got numb, but by the time he had been on the road for a week or so he was pedalling all day and in the swing of his routine.

He especially enjoyed meeting other cyclists throughout the whole trip, and told of a "really tiny young woman" he met in Wyoming who was biking 130 miles a day. He met people going to Bar Harbor, Maine and people on their way from the east to the Cascades of Washington and Oregon. A family in Wisconsin befriended him. His mother, Julie, even got a letter from the mother of the family telling her not to worry about Travis, who was a "fine young man" and could take care of himself. "I guess my mom did worry about me a lot," he says. But the day he left, his mother found a note to her and a special book which explained the way he felt about embarking upon his cross-country trip. The book was "Miles from Nowhere," written by a couple who had biked around the world. By reading this book, the young traveler felt his family would understand his feelings about the importance of what he was doing, and perhaps wouldn't worry about him so much. He says he kept in close contact with his family, calling them when he could and sending them cards.

As for his future bike trips, Mr. Hodgdon doubts he will ever take such a long trip again, but certainly will take short tours to see different parts of the country. He hopes to travel by bike in Europe, too. His Navy duty will probably take him to some far away places.

He will be training for duty as a hospital corpsman, in San Antonio following his basic training. His work as an EMT for the Gorham Ambulance has given him a good background already. And his cross-country trip by bicycle has given him maturity and a great feeling of accomplishment, he feels.











(L to R, T to B): Picturesque stream in New Hampshire; view of Catskills in New York; my first illegal campsite on private property - behind abandoned house near Ghent, N.Y.; Hudson River near Catskill, N.Y.; my new home (after my tent failed while in Maine) - the advantage was it was easy to set up, the disadvantage was it tended to allow water to pool in the foot when it rained (sometimes more than a gallon) and determined mosquitoes were able to bite through it and feast on my forehead; stream in Delaware Water Gap Nat'l Recreation area.











(L to R, T to B): Delaware River near Belvidere N.J.; Lock on abandoned Delaware and Hudson Canal; Thelma and Fred Vogel; Betty and Bob Schurr; wheel for water powered bellows at Hopewell Village; 18 th century forge at Hopewell Village.







(L to R, T to B): Farms in Pennsylvania Amish country; Amish horse and carriage; a familiar name, far from home; Lincoln Memorial; Washington Memorial; Maureen Maart - limbering up at Washington, D.C. hostel.









(L to R, T to B): White House; reflecting pool and Lincoln Memorial; Maureen, outside Smithsonian Air and Space Museum; Gayle Rainbow; Gomer Pyles; wall hanging in Gayle and Gomer's guest room; countryside near Plains, Virginia.















(L to R, T to B) FOUR VIEWS OF  
DUNES - OUTER BANKS, N.C.,  
CAPE HATTERAS LIGHTHOUSE,  
SEAGUILS FOLLOWING FERRY TO  
OCRACOEKE IS., N.C., ARMA-  
DILLO NEAR JESUP, GA

BRUNSWICK, GA  
HOSTEL STAMP →







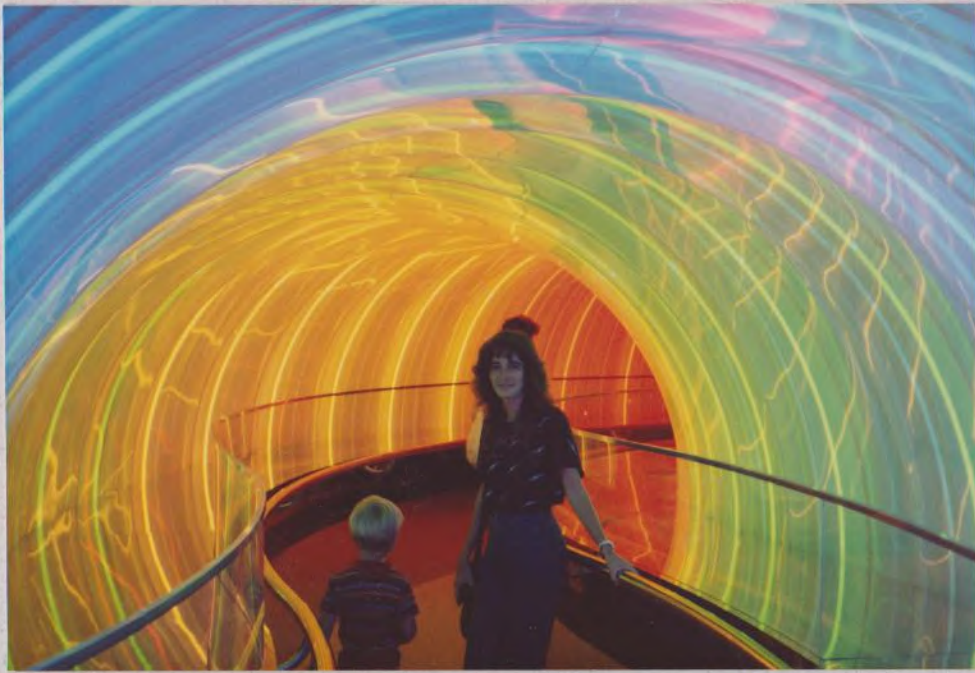




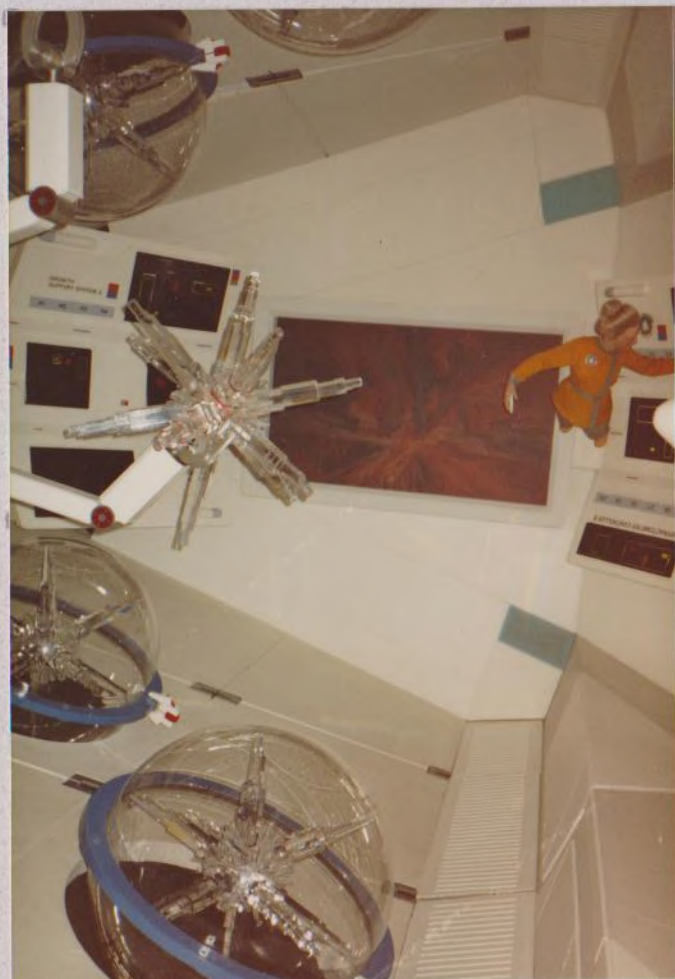
(L to R, T to B): Castillo San Marcos, oldest masonry fort in U.S.; same; Stan and Delores with their dog in mid-flight; Stan test riding my bike - he wanted to get the feel of the front panniers; Spaceship Earth - EPCOT's signature building.











(L to R, T to B): Edna, visiting from Israel, poising for me at EPCOT exhibit; another EPCOT exhibit; World Showcase - Mexico; and China; EPCOT exhibit; acrobats performing in front of China exhibit.







Left: Ruins of New Smyrna  
sugar factory. Right: Lake  
Monroe.





Out for a ride in the San Antonio hills with some friends from the St. Pete Bike Club.





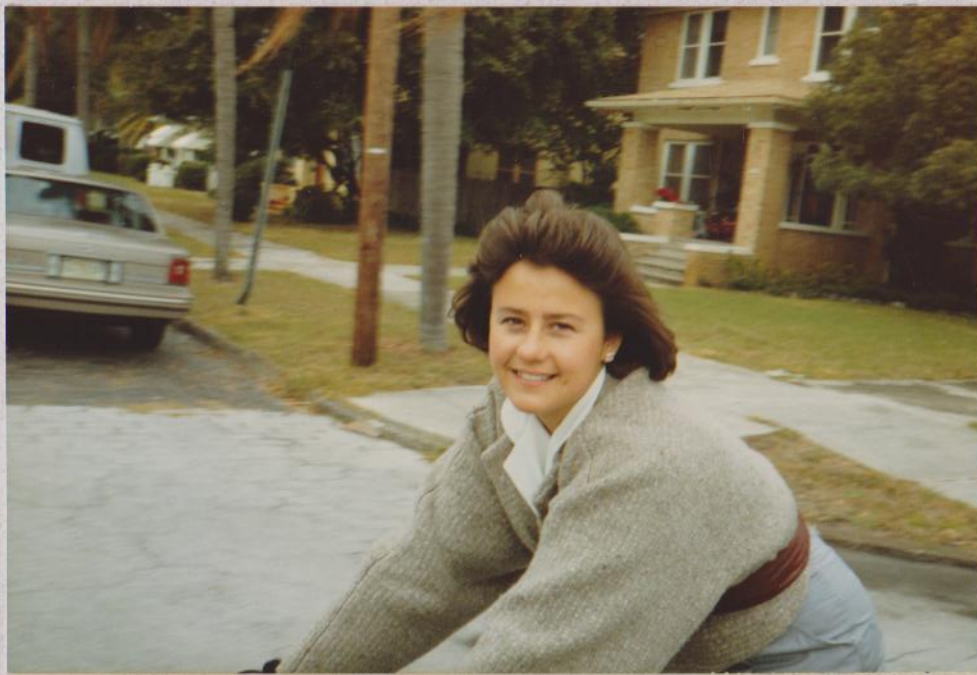
(L to R, T to B): Myself, Tadakazu Izumi, and Grandma Malone in front of Grandma's house; "Ted" heading out to finish his circumnavigation of the U.S. on his motorcycle; a banyon tree; my home for two months in St. Pete - a \$200/month lean-to; inside my shack, posing in my UPS jumpsuit; Maureen Maart in park in West St. Pete.











(L to R, T to B): Maureen riding through St. Pete - heading for a night on the town; Maureen at the beach; pelicans at The Pier.  
Below: Alea with Brown Dog and Courtney. Courtney would steal our empty beer cans, at first licking the lids and then chewing them open to get the last drop.





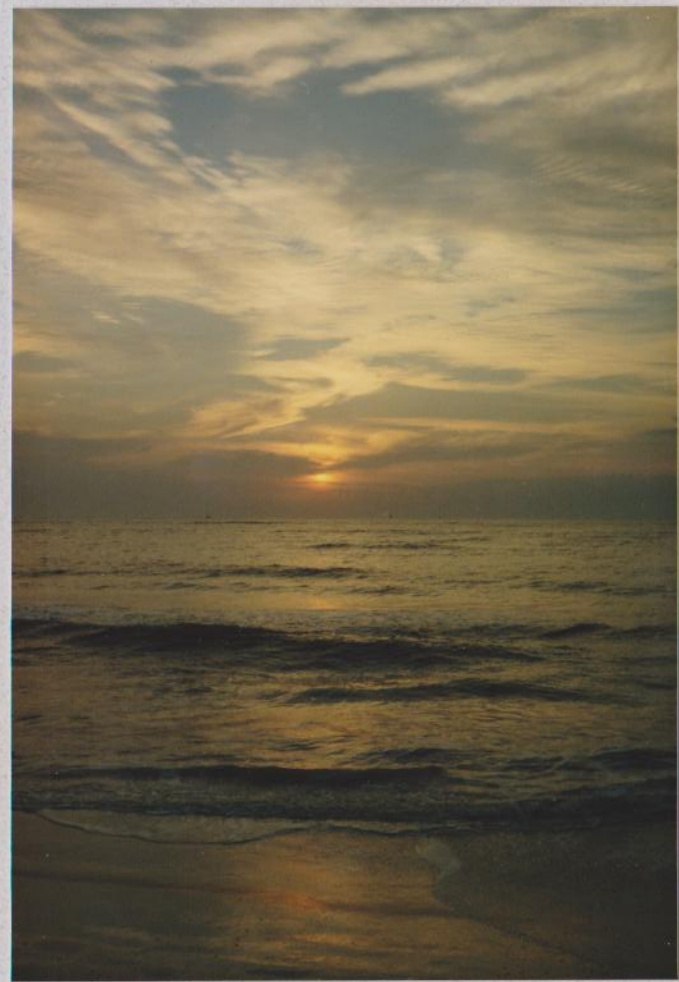




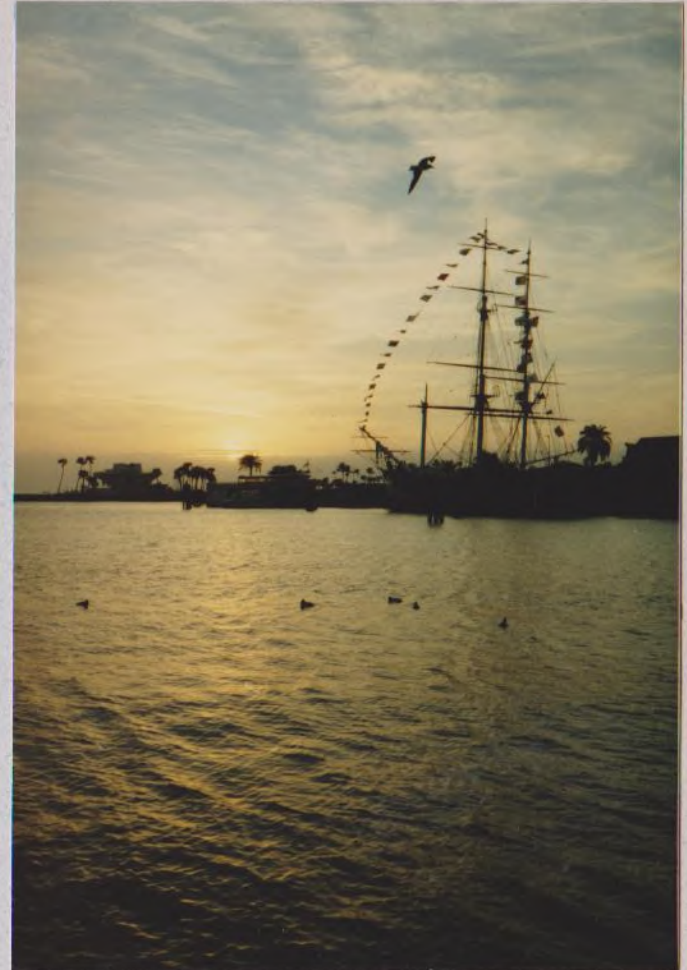




(L to R, T to B): Brown  
Dog and "The Cat" guarding  
the porch; Alea giving  
Brown Dog a bath; "The Cat"  
napping inside my fanny  
pack; Victory Chimes tied  
up at The Pier; sunset over  
the Gulf.











Above right: replica of The Bounty at The Pier in St. Pete. Left column from top: Sarasota Medieval Fair - dancing maidens; clowns on stilts; jousting contest; me and Grandma shortly before leaving for Europe. Above: helping crew of Savage Shrimp restep their mast (that's P.J. in straw hat and denim jacket).





Above left: Alea at The Pier. Above: Alea test riding my bike on my last day in town. Left: Alea and me in front of her house in Orlando.